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A
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

INTENDED AS
A SEQUEL TO MR. STERNE'S.

THROUGH
ITALY, SWITZERLAND, *and* FRANCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By **Mr. SHANDY.**

VOL. 1.

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PREFACE.

THE Author (a base-born son of YORICK, but no more like his father than *he* to HERCULES) has attempted, in the following pages, to trace the path his fire had marked out, and to speak of incidents that would, in all probability have happen-

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ed

ed in his way, had he lived to have trod the ground himself.

The Author, well knowing that many have run through the journey before him, and that so numerous are the footsteps in this beaten path, that there is no treading on *new* ground, may say he has little of *originality* to recommend him to the public—But, it being acknowledged that there is merit in a good *imitation*, he hopes that he who thinks for himself, and speaks but what he thinks, will allow him a
be 2 A portion

PREFACE.

v

portion of that praise (whatever may come of the profit) his wayfaring fancy has sought after.

Left doubts should arise concerning the relationship of the Author to the family of the SHANDYS, he takes the liberty in saying, he bears no kindred to Mr. TOBIAS SHANDY, that he never saw Corporal TRIM in his life, nor any of the corps.

Should the Critic, like a good-natured, *humble bee*, alight on these volumes, and ransack their

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A 3

sweets,

sweets, without shewing his *sting*,
the Author might be thereby
encouraged to lay another be-
fore him, nor would he from
what he might see harmless and
inoffensive in him, count him a
drone.

Tut! there needs not be any
fear; the world is wide enough
for all, whether *bees* or *drones*.

SENTI.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY,

CONTINUED.

THE INN.

ROAD TO LYONS.

—**H**ERE all controversy was at an end—the preliminaries agitated between the lady and me, sunk into oblivion, by the interference of her fille-de-chambre.

The

The case may be likened to two nations going to war, when a third stepping forward, displaying her banners, either awes or persuades the contending parties to compromise, so preserves the balance of power.

I caught hold of the fille-de-chambre's —— : the world could not help it ; 'twas a chance-making conjunction, and whatever the girl might have thought of it at the time, the ill-nature was done away in our dreams---for I slept on it.

I hate the man that can lay a cold hand on a warm —— : 'tis like the jarring elements in the primogenial chaos,

chaos, where things cold strove with things hot, and wet things with dry.

Soon as the sun had shed a blessing on us, (we had done nothing to deserve a curse,) I desired the landlord to let the lady and her maid-servant go on their way, without a preamble, for that I would pay the piper, as the dance had been chiefly mine.

The landlord, tho' living among the flinty rocks of *Savoy*, had not a heart of adamant; it was pliable, as the willow, to every generous proposition; so he notified to the lady, in the manner of an innkeeper of my own country, or of any other country

try where *sense* and *brevity* go in the same sentence ; 'twas simply thus---
 “ *Madame, there is nothing to pay.*”---
 This was a notification much unexpected by the lady, especially as it originated with a stranger---But her surprise vanished as I handed her into her voiture.

We parted, as all honest travellers, whom accident has caused to meet, should do --- with a wish to meet again.

Let him sneer at the oddness of my conduct, whose heart-strings were never bent in behalf of a pretty face. ---I bade the voiturier drive on.

THE

THE PRIEST.

THE man who wishes to improve by travelling, must put up with inconveniencies by the way.

The mules (for there were a couple to the vehicle and a third under LE FLEUR and my portmanteau) who *knew* their office better than they *performed* it, were obstinate, strictly to the proverb, which occasioned many an oath from the voiturier, many a kick from LE FLEUR, and many a prayer from me.

To compensate for the many tedious hours we spent on the road,
the

the rich prospect around us presented its abundance.

The vines, spreading out their juicy branches, displayed their ripening clustres to the sun; the other fruit-trees, yielding their increase, appeared to vie with each other which could add most to the store of plenty---Everything from without, save the beasts that drew me, conspired to make my journey a pleasant one.

I had mustered all my *patience* on the occasion, so that there was peace *within*.

Though nature has not formed us all equally powerful to relieve, she
has

has made us all capable of feeling for the necessities of our brethren.

When we had got about a league on the *Alps*, at a place where three roads meet, we stopped, charmed with the face of the country around and the grandeur of the distant prospect. 'Twas evening---the pearly drops began to fasten on the verdant blade, and each plant to bend with luxuriant nod --- The thrush was chaunting his evening song, in the bushy dell, and the nightingale answering his melody from the neighbouring grove---all around was peacefully harmonious. "Gracious heaven!" exclaimed I, "how vifibly kind and beneficent thou art
" throughout

“ throughout the universe of nature !
 “ The beasts of the field rejoice in
 “ the supply thou affordeſt them,
 “ and the birds of the air attune in
 “ thanksgiving for thy renewed
 “ bounty---Man”——I was going to
 ſpeak of *his* gratitude, when I was
 interrupted by a ſight expreſſive of
 miſfortune : it was a tall, thin per-
 ſon of a man, in thread-bare ſable,
 with a white cravat about his neck,
 the ends depending almoſt to his
 girdle ; a ſtaff in his hand, and a
 little brazen croſs, hung by a ſilken
 cord, dangling before him ; he was
 of the order of Priests ; age and
 poverty ſeemed both to have taken
 poſſeſſion of him, and the daughter
 of ſorrow to have marked him for
 her

her own. "Good God!" said I, "is it
 " thus thy servants are rewarded on
 earth!" but, recollecting that there
 was nothing ordained in *vain*, the
 exclamation was barbarous---sorrow
 may, to some, be the channel to hap-
 piness. "Father," said I, as he
 leaned over his staff, with a snuff-
 box in his left hand, "your age and
 " infirmity are unfit for journeying;
 " distress may be relieved in the
 " nook of a cottage as well as on
 " the highway." "True," replied
 he, "but trouble *unseen* is generally
 " *unthought of*."

I could learn from this, that *nece-*
sity had forced him from his home,
 to find that support from strangers
 which

which his kindred and countrymen
had denied him.

He was the *necessitous* traveller.—
Be it mine to *weep* when humanity
demands a *tear*.

When the distressed hope to be
relieved, they are ever ready to de-
clare the causes that reduced them.

The aged itinerant, resting his sil-
vered temple on his right arm, sup-
ported by his staff, gave me, without
reserve, the history of his grief—
'Twas melancholy every page of it.

He drew, by his description, a
picture of woe, with such true
touches

touches of *nature*, that RUBENS, with all his *art*, could never have painted, and no delineator but a sentimental one could ever have described.---The features were drawn by *experience*, coloured by the *vicissitudes* of human life, from the pallet of the *world*.

Nature had her struggles as he proceeded.

“ Shame on triumphant supremacy,” said I, “ and on the pampered supporters of the altar, who can see an aged servant of it ever experience adversity, or feel the force of want---But,” continued I, “ virtue carries its reward with it, and the zealous services of the

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“ poor ecclesiastic shall meet a recompence in a future world, if not in this.”

“ ’Tis to be hoped so,” said he, but shook his venerable head, expressive of the unprofitableness of *moral arguments* in supplying the *cravings of necessity*; and, indeed, thought I, a SOUS PIECE would be more acceptable to thee, in thy present case, than all the arguments to contentment I could advance; especially, as thou hast, aforetime, made the *most* of many a scanty meal by preaching thyself happy.

“ But where are you going?” said I. “ Onward,” replied he, “ through the remaining part of my
“ journey,

“ journey, relating my story to
“ others as I have done to you—
“ having more than myself to care
“ for.”

“ Alas !” said I, as he turned
away from me, “ the burthen of thy
“ *own* infirmities is enough for
“ thee ; the sting of thy trouble
“ needs no concomitant—but Pro-
“ vidence will not bruise thy reed
“ overmuch.

“ Adieu !” happy, indeed, must
the region of bliss be to him who
travels to it through the valley of
tears.

PLEASURE AND PAIN
IMAGINARY.

THE PO.

WE had got within a few furlongs of Turin.

The heart exults at things new and pleasing, and the sight of an object which we have long *read* or *heard* of, rouses the powers of the memory to trace circumstances.

We had crossed the *Po*.

LE FLEUR (for as I lolled in the voiture my thoughts were with the

the poor priest we had met with the day before near the *Alps*) observing to the postillion, as he crossed him to open a gate, that the banks of the river were pleasant, waked me from my reverie.

A sight of the *Po* brought to my mind *Pavia* and *Placentia*, of which I had often read; to them occurred *Mantua*—hence the birth of VIRGIL. Reflection here took a turn—and, instead of tracing the *Po* into the *Adriatic* sea, carried me back to my native country—brought VIRGIL'S *Æneis* to my view; on that followed my scholastic proceedings, my days of idleness and inattention:—Imagination brought matters forward in such a regular round, and
with

with such impulsive force, that I thought myself under the whipping hand of my old master ; and, had not the jolting of the vehicle broke the clue, I believe I should have fancied myself pained *a posteriore* from flagellation.

While the beasts drew me slowly up the eastern bank of the river, I had time to write a moral to my vision.---That the ills of life, which create discontent, and render mankind restless and uneasy, are, taking every thing into the account, as much imaginary as real ; and that the joys of life, by the same rule, are, when diffused, at the best, but as a vision when a man awaketh.

TURIN.

TURIN.

WE entered it about sun-set. Every thing may be got here but what a man has really need of. However, trusting to events, I ordered LE FLEUR to discharge the voiturier; which he did; and I sat down in the *Hotel-del-Ponto*, having first found that I was welcome, as happy and contented as the king of *Sardinia*.

The landlord was in the middle of my apartment in a moment, as brisk and upright as a dancing-master: he expected I should say something to him; so I desired him to
send

send me up a cup of their best vintage, that I might drink the Duke of SAVOY's health.

The landlord responded nothing either good or bad, but, with a quick turn on his heel, proceeded on his office.

It was no small satisfaction to me that I was got into the middle of one of the finest cities in *Europe*.

The difficulties I had surmounted, the dangers I had escaped, in perils oft', by rocks, women, and water, all came across my mind the moment I entered the *Hôtel-del-Ponto*.

I shall

I shall continue (said I to myself) as I began, to write what I see; and should the reader say at any time, I *think* worse things than I *speak*, let him reprimand his imagination for finding it out.

I like, from my soul, to see nature in her primitive state. I have often looked for it as I journeyed.

It is not to be seen in *Turin*. In this city, art has been so often applied to, upon every failure of nature, that she has gained the superiority, and one would imagine, from what he sees and hears, that nature's grand master had deputed his power to one of arts' journeymen, to *unmake*
man :

man: they resemble what they *have* been so abominably. "Shame on "man!" said I to myself, as I took my eyes from a *ballad-finger* passing by, and looked down on my own joints and sinews, "that could lay "violent hands on nature, and eradicate the strength and distinction "she has bestowed on thy sex."

I here made another ejaculation, and I uttered it with sincerity; "Heaven be praised," said I, "that I was born an *Englishman*, "in a country where the bounty "of nature, in the making of man, "is not rifled with scissars, nor the "law of *succession* cut short by "pruning-hooks."

THE

THE HOTEL-DEL-PONTO.

TURIN.

IN this province of *Piedmont*, as well as in the other provinces of *Italy*, a man may be luxurious at a small expence. I was determin'd to give my inclination full scope in many things, "and should I trespass," said I to myself, "the bounds of sobriety observed by an *Italian*, I have still a livre or two to spare, where withal to purchase an abolition, if my own *mind* could not reconcile itself with my *appetites*."

There

There is seldom a fear of *excess* in any thing I do ; for I had it from my youth up, that “ moderation is “ safest in all things.”

I bade LE FLEUR order supper, and see that a couple of beds were secured.

My orders, in the first instance, were quickly obeyed. My table was furnished with abundance ; for it is a custom in the inns in *Italy* to set before a man *ten* times more than he is able to eat ; and my cup overflowed with a bottle of the best wine in *Turin*.

“ To

“ To strengthen the mind of the
 “ sentimental traveller, to enliven the
 “ fancy of the poet, to give cou-
 “ rage to the soldier, and the lover,”
 said I, as I emptied the bottle, “ wine
 “ is efficacious.”

Having finished my supper, and
 ordered something for LE FLEUR,
 I took a ramble into the street, to
 see the various scenes of public life
 come to a close for the night. I
 thought of securing my retreat, by
 first taking down the name of the
 hotel, and so I would mark every
 turn as I went along.

THE

THE FAIR FRUITERER.

TURIN.

AS I was putting my pencil into my pocket-book, at the door of the hotel, a fine figure of a female passed me on the threshold, with a basket of fruit in her hand. She had been serving the *patissier* of the hotel with cherries, and other fruits, for his pastry.

She passed me; then, turning about, with a smile of conscious innocence, asked me to taste her fruit.

“ Yes,” said I, “ that I will, were it

“ the

“ the fruit of lign aloes; every thing
 “ must be sweet under thy fair hand.”

She made me the offer, with such a turn of native simplicity, that I could not, for my soul, keep my hands from joining her's, while she held out the basket.

Lifting a few cherries by the stems, “ these will do,” said I. I was going to thank her, but her looks saved me the trouble; they spoke every expression in one glance, I could have uttered on the subject, had I studied for it a thousand years: ---they said I was welcome. A tender emotion, on account of her present conduct, the instant pervaded my heart—I could not disengage myself;

self; so I begged she would go back with me to my chamber, where I would treat with her for the whole cargo, the sample I had tasted was so agreeable.

With all the willingness unsuspecting virtue ever possessed, she turned inward with me to my apartment.

My soul glowed with approbation, as she walked by my side.—
 “Fie on prudery!” thought I;
 “which of my kindred *British* sisters
 “would have done this, even under
 “fifty years acquaintance, that
 “is done by this stranger?”

We

We entered my apartment. By the time I had shut the door behind us, I had forgot what brought us hither—— I recollected——'twas to purchase her fruit.

I sat down, to show that my intentions were not hostile; and desiring her to let me see what she had to vend, she sat down beside me.

There was something new in the adventure.---My eyes were most constantly roving from head to foot of her. She was all I ever had conceived of native beauty, undorned with art; and had not reflection, at the time, gone hand in hand

with my inclination, I am not certain what would have been the event of the critical hour.

She held the basket in her lap, while I looked into it. I laid my hand first on some cherries—"No," said I, "I'll have plums--No, I'll have cherries;" I could not tell what I would have. I put my hand on this side, then on that: the deuce was in me, I could not make a choice.

"Yes," said I, looking full under her bonnet, "I'll have cherries:" so, putting my hand to some that lay on one side the basket, I was going to bargain for them, when the girl asked me

me if I did not like citrons; "Yes," said I, "and melons too."—"I'll show you some," said she; so uncovering that side the basket next to herself, she shewed me some. ---

I would have given the world, could I have commanded it, for a word of approbation suitable to the favor. There was nothing, in effect in it, after all—it was, simply, shewing me her fruit: but she did it in a manner superior to any I had met with in the course of my journeying.

I was ready to have said many a civil thing to her.

" You are of *Turin* ?" said I.
 " No," said the fair fruiterer, " I
 " am of *Geneva*." " I have heard
 " of it," said I.—It matters not in
 " what province thou hadst thy be-
 " ginning, or by whom begotten ;
 " thou art an ornament to thy coun-
 " try, be it the most civilized ;
 " and were it perfectly consistent
 " with our present situation (for we
 " had insensibly moved to a sofa
 " that stood in the room)," said I,
 " I would try to leave an im-
 " pression on thy *lips*, at least, of
 " my regard for thee."

The idea of our being by our-
 selves, struck me most forcibly.—
 The fair fruiterer blushed when I
 spoke

spoke of her lips:—it was not the blush of timid guilt; it was the color of unsuspicious virtue, and modest diffidence, that sprung up in her cheeks. She smiled; and, turning her head away and letting her hand drop into mine, she said, “it was too much honor --- ’twas “much condescension.”

We were both mute, for a minute. “Thou emblem of modesty “and good nature (thought I), ’twere “barbarous to take advantage of thy “untutored state;” so, taking her by the hand, I conducted her to the door. I was going to see her to her home; but, considering with

myself that virtue and good nature were not to be seen in every face in *Turin*, the plan, especially at that time of the evening, might be hazardous. So, taking her hand between mine, with that cordiality every honest man should embrace good nature when he meets with it, I bade her "good night."

She said, she should be at "the hotel the next evening, as she had promised to supply the *patissier* with plums for a masquerade supper." "Then, please heaven," said I, "I shall again speak with thee."

"Let

"Let not a man," said I to myself, as the fair fruiterer left me,
"be ashamed to look virtue in the
"face, in any country."

THE

THE HOTEL.

TURIN.

WHEN LE FLEUR came up with my flippers, he seemed more than usually joyful about something. I asked him what it meant? The poor fellow thinking his merry countenance had given me offence, approached me with all the submission his native bondage could show. He said, he had been just informed, by the coachman to a French count, that there was to be a horse-race, *without riders*, next morning, in the *Campo-del-Blanco* ;
and

and that "he should like to see it."
 "There is to be an assembly, in the
 "evening," continued LE FLEUR,
 "and a masquerade."

The utmost of LE FLEUR's ambition, in all his journeyings with me, was to *see*---mine was to *think* also: and so he thought the piece of intelligence he so eagerly brought me, would be doing me one of the many kindnesses his station obliged him to shew me.

What LE FLEUR had said of a masquerade, confirmed what had fallen from the fair fruiterer, that she should be "at the hotel, in the
 "evening,

"evening, with fruit for a maquerade supper."

"You would like to see the race?" said I. "Yes, an't please you," responded LE FLEUR. I saw he had a wish to be there; so I gave him leave.

When the heart is buoyed up with hopes of a future good, or fully bent on what it counts pleasure, and every interested power on the tip-toe, the fear of disappointment always keeps pace, in due proportion, with the expected pleasure --- 'tis interwoven with our nature: were it not so, pleasure would possess but half its sweets.

When

When LE FLEUR entered my chamber, in the morning, with my roll and butter, he was so metamorphosed in his dress, I did not know him ; nor, till I had given him three front looks with the same suspicious keenness I would have given a ruffian who had a design upon me, could I have sworn to the identity of his person. --- The jackboots I had purchased for him in *Montreuil* had been exchanged for a pair of spatterdashs " the true " cut of *Turin*," as he called it ; he had disposed of his old *queue*, and had got his hair wrapped up within a large black silk bag, as broad and as long as the tail of a weather-cock---The red coat I gave him, at
Paris,

Paris, with breeches of the same, had been bartered for a suit of green plush, *third* hand from a sloop-shop: so that, what with his large bag, and his thread-bare plush apparel, he looked like a squire's *whipper-in*, in arrears with his master.

THE

THE HORSE-RACE.

TURIN.

“NOT to *ride*,” said I, “is the
 “truest *running*.” “It is so,”
 said an elderly gentleman, in fable,
 that stood on the turf at my left
 hand. “Yes,” said I, “nature is
 “kind to this kingdom of *Italy*,
 “in many instances. ’Tis all in-
 “flict,” continued I, “both the
 “brutal and the human world, here,
 “are a law unto themselves.” “Par-
 “don me,” replied the gentleman,
 “they are not *all* governed by na-
 “ture.” I thought, as he said this,
 (but

(but the conjecture was far-fetched,) that he alluded to the arbitrary power of the Duke of SAVOY, commonly called the king of *Sardinia*.

“ ’Tis unjust in me,” thought I,
 “ to conjecture thus.—Although the
 “ Duke of SAVOY—(but what is the
 “ Duke of SAVOY to me, or I to
 “ him?) be exorbitant in his de-
 “ mands on the state: ’tis for the
 “ state’s good. Pho!” said I, “ the
 “ prime minister of my own country
 “ does the same every day.” I ut-
 tered this, unthinkingly, in the hear-
 ing of the gentleman; who, (to my
 certain knowledge might have been
 about sixty-two) turning quickly on
 his heel, like a youth of twenty,
 said,

faid, " And does the king of *Eng-*
land do so?" How he had found
 out that I was an *Englishman*, I
 know not; if it had not been from
 the make of my face---for it was
 chapfallen before I left *Dover*.

" No," faid I, " the king of *Eng-*
land is one of the most moderate
 " princes in the world; he is ha-
 " bitually good, and never more
 " active in any matter than in the
 " cause of the unfortunate and
 " friendless." " The *English* are a
 " free people," faid the gentleman.
 " Yes," faid I, " and they are as
 " charitable as they are free.---Me-
 " rit, too," continued I, " is no
 " sooner observed in any one, than
 " it

“it is rewarded.”—(I am not positive but I might have exaggerated when I said this, for the story of a worthy prebend's being neglected when he deserved preferment, came across my mind the moment I spoke it)—“save in matters of the Church,” said I.—This was an exception, for I could not have stood to my first assertion. — “But,” said I, “the fault is not in the king.”

When I mentioned the church, the venerable stranger shook his head.—He had been an ecclesiastic. I found, had I availed myself of the sentiment, I could have led him to enumerate faults in the ecclesiastic government, from the monk to the cardinal :

cardinal : as to the pope, I should have stepped aside when he had begun to speak of him---No one in *Italy* may say he is *fallible* under excommunication ; and, for calling him names, the penalty is forty groats : 'twas more than I could have then produced.

“ I shall just shew you,” said I ; (yet, thought I, shall I make so free with a stranger ! Pugh, pugh ! we are all sons of ADAM ; we are brethren and not aliens)----“ I’ll just shew “ you, while the horses are leading “ from their stalls, the process, the “ mode I mean, of Church preferment, in *my* country.

“ I have it in black and white
“ from the bills of mortality. These
“ are the gradations,” said I, shewing him a list of the archbishops, bishops, deans, prebends, rectors, canons, curates, proctors, &c. since the days of WILLIAM the *Norman*, with the dates of their translations and instalments.

“ Stop !” said I ; for the gentleman had actually, at the first dash, clapped his finger on Cardinal WOLSEY---“ it was the king’s doing,” said I, “ and no man may “ gainsay the king.”

The gentleman made not a single remark on THOMAS A BECKET.

“ But

“ But look you there,” said I, pointing to Bishop — ; “ his pre-ferment here, you see,” said I, “ was more rapid than it would have been by the sword.

“ And here again,” said I. —

“ Is it possible ?” said he. “ It is, truly,” continued I — “ In this roll I could lead you through all the occupations in life, from a cod-fisher of yesterday up to *Matthew* the publican.”

As I was thinking on *Matthew* and the receipt of custom, a post-chaise hurled by me, with an elderly gentleman in it, in embroidered satin :

it was the Marquis de B—, whom I had seen at *Paris*. He recognised me the moment he set his eyes on me. ‘ ’Tis *Monsieur Anglois*,’ said the marquis to his gentleman, who was leaning forward to look at me. The marquis was on a tour to *England*, and had taken *Italy* in his way ; for there are generally more roads than one to a place. He said, he should travel through *Switzerland* and *Germany*, and hence make his way through *Bruxelles* to *Calais*.—
 “ And when you are at *Calais*,” said I, “ ’tis but running your
 “ chaise into a *remise*, and slinging
 “ it, you may ship yourself for
 “ *Dover* at a minute’s notice.—

“ Through

“Through *Bruxelles!* ’tis the very
 “road I am going.—But shall you
 “touch on *Geneva?*” said I. “’Twas
 “not his intention,” he replied. “I
 “travel that way,” said I, “to see
 “the Lake.”

Whether it was my giving him a
 reason for my visiting *Geneva*, or not,
 I cannot tell.—I could perceive he
 was neither the *curious* nor the *ne-*
cessitous traveller: but so it was,
 that, when I mentioned the Lake,
 he desired the postillion to push
 forward.

He was out of sight in the twink-
 ling of an eye. The reader may
 recollect I had the honor of being

introduced to this said marquis, at *Paris*, through the kindness of M. le Count de B—. The marquis, as I observed before, had signalized himself in some small feats of chivalry, in the *cour d'amour*, and had been lifted up ever since with the idea of his being a gallant of the first order.--- He had formerly enquired much of me concerning the *English* ladies, and was now going among them. “Oh, ho!” said I to myself, as he turned off the *Campo del-Blanco*, in full drive, “but
 “you are a week, at least, too late
 “with the ladies of my country :
 “’tis *summer* with them yet, and
 “they will not like to see *winter*
 “come among them.” I thought I
 was

was warranted in saying this ; for I had counted more than forty *gray hairs* on the marquis's temples.

In my interview with the marquis, the gentleman in fable, with whom I had been previously conversing, had withdrawn himself from me ; but on seeing me disengaged, he was returning to me with the news of the race. ‘ It was the
 ‘ finest ever seen in *Turin*,’ said the gentleman : He had seen the horses led *back* to their stalls --- ‘ It
 ‘ was a fight grand as of the steeds
 ‘ of Phœbus (could one take the
 ‘ wings of the morning and see
 ‘ them) returning to the stables of
 ‘ Aurora,

‘ Aurora, after the journey of the
‘ day.’

The comparifon was manly, tho’
between brutes.

I looked down on the gentleman
(for I had the advantage of him by
two inches) with that pleafure every
fentimental traveller fhould feel, who
wifhes to enrich and embellifh his
journey with things great and fu-
blime.

As there was no *riding* in the
cafe, the gentleman could bring no
fimile of Phæton, or his tumble into
the *Po.* ---’Twas well he was filent
on this head: for had he mentioned
ought

ought of Jupiter's hurling the lad from the coach-box, and the swashing plunge he made into the pool, it would have cost me a score of pistoles in visiting the spot--It was only going a hundred miles down the river, where the poplar sisters grow.

A

THE

THE STREET.

TURIN.

AS I ever wish to have the company of those who can improve me, as long as I can, I was not displeased at having the gentleman on my right, all the way back from the equestrian field, to the turn leading to the hotel.

The gentleman said, his way led to the left. 'It will never be my 'lot,' said he, as we were about to take leave of each other, 'to visit
England.

‘ *England*. The English,’ continued he, ‘ are a generous people.’

“ I’ll be made a bishop,” said I to myself, “ if this does not oblige me to say or do something here, more than I would otherwise do.”

“ And so are”---I was going to say, the *Italians*; but, thought I, to say a pleasing thing of them now, would be returning the compliment too soon. “ I shall praise them,” said I, “ when I leave them.”

We had by this time got, as near as I can conjecture, about a thousand paces from the place I intended to stop at.

When

When the mind is engaged, the eyes often neglect their office.

Well, said I to myself, as thy conversation has induced me to go with thee *one* mile, I shall so far please myself in going with thee *twain*.

' 'Tis but a little way farther,' said the gentleman, observing I made a halt, (for he had invited me to his house --- 'We turn here,' said he, 'to the right; then to the left; then 'to the right; and then ---'

LE FLEUR was with me in the *Campo-del-blanco*, and had not left me; he was faithful at my heels, as ever pedlar's

pedlar's cur was to his master: I was going to desire him to take down in his mind, or otherwise, the several turns we had made, or should make, that we might the more easily secure our retreat.

This, however, was a needless precaution, as the gentleman had said, he would see me safe back to the hotel. LE FLEUR was beforehand with me: --- for, on turning about to give him the orders, I found he had been so engaged in looking upwards, on the magnificence that surrounded him, that he had unfortunately fallen over an orange-woman's stall that stood in his way, and was lying flat on the pavement,

pavement, with stall, basket and fruit scattered around him.

'Twas a misfortune *chiding* could not repair — A piece of eight did the business with the orange-vender ; and LE FLEUR met with no bodily harm, so far as I could find, either visible or invisible.

THE

THE AUTHOR.

TURIN.

A Young fellow will enter a coffee-house, in *London*, take his seat, call for a cup of chocolate or glass of capillaire, chat with every one around him, find out their names and occupations too (if they have any), pay for what he calls for, take his hat and cane, and is gone, in the space of *fifteen minutes*.

“I have been with this gentleman,” said I to myself, “these
“fix

“ fix *hours* ; have talked with him,
“ walked with him, and now am
“ about to cross inward o’er his
“ threshold, to be more intimate
“ with him, and know not who he is,
“ nor what he is : but, no matter for
“ that---although generations (God
“ knows how many) have passed be-
“ tween ADAM and me, yet we are
“ still connected : the first and the
“ last links are parts of a chain, as
“ well as the middlemost.

“ Pugh!” said I to myself, “ I am
“ not travelling from *Jerusalem* to
“ *Jericho*, to fall among thieves.”

As I always find it the most dif-
ficult task I meet with, to give an
account

account of myself, I was at a stand here : for, thought I, were I to tell the gentleman who I am, without ceremony, it would undoubtedly lay him under an obligation, he, perhaps, would not like to discharge.

“ Tut !” said I, “ there is no getting at truth without enquiry ;” so, to save both the gentleman and myself a great deal of unnecessary trouble, said I to him (as the French count had before said of SHAKS-PERE, that ‘ he was full of great things’),—“ fir, we had forgot, amidst “ the many turnings of our conver-
“ sation, a small matter — it was the
“ announcing our names to each
“ other.”

‘ I have been thinking,’ said the gentleman, ‘ what it was I wanted ;
 ‘ now you have assisted me---’twas
 ‘ how I could come at your name.’

Timidity prevented it on *his* part,
 good-manners on *mine*. He had
 ‘ enquired of my servant,’ he said,
 ‘ while I was in conversation with
 ‘ the Marquis de B—, on the *Campo-*
 ‘ *del-Blanco* ; but the utmost that
 ‘ LE FLEUR knew of the matter
 ‘ was only, that I was called “ my
 “ *Lord Anglois, at Paris.*”

Indeed, thought I, LE FLEUR is
 not the first who has trudged the
 tour of *France*, nay of *Europe*, with
 ---he knows not who.

Pulling

Pulling out my passport, as I seated myself in an elbow-chair :
 “ *Voici,*” said I. Now YORICK was in legible characters, in more places than one in it. ‘ *Santa Maria !* ’ exclaimed the gentleman ; ‘ is it ‘ possible,’ continued he, taking me by the hand where I was sitting, with the utmost cordiality ; ‘ is it ‘ possible that the King of *Denmark’s* ‘ jester should do me this honor ?’

‘ ’Twas so expressed in the passport,’ said he. “ Good God !” said I to myself, “ I shall be a jester to “ the king of *Denmark* all the world “ over.—’Tis, methinks, a jest on “ his Danish majesty to liken me to “ any of his household.

E 2

“ I shall

“ I shall clear up this matter presently,” said I, turning round upon the cushion — “ But, sir; for I *am* “ YORICK; you have now the advantage of me.”

Upon my saying this, he took up a letter that lay on a side-table, and sitting down by me, resting his right elbow (for he was on my left) on the arm of my chair, and holding up the letter, with his fore-finger he pointed to the first, and to every other word of the direction.

A trait of pleasure, at his heart, bespoke itself on his countenance, the moment he held out the letter.

’Twas

'Twas "To Monsieur RALDO-CAMBALLO-MANDANDO Le BON, moral and natural philosopher, historian, mathematician, rhetorician, logician, sculptor, painter, poet, *Turin.*"

This title, said I to myself, stands unequalled by any thing I have read or heard of, since the days of HELIOGABULUS: it far outdoes "Barber, peruke-maker, tooth-drawer, surgeon, apothecary, vender of drugs, church-warden, schoolmaster," &c. which sometimes are to be met with in one and the same person in my own country; for whereas the *latter* include only *arts*, simply, without

science, the *former* includes both—So that the import of the title was neither more nor less than “ Master of *arts and sciences*.”

I must say that the *enlarged* sense of the words pleased me-- I hate all incomprehensible *abbreviations*, from my heart. — Le BON's title was full, plain and explicit; and, as such, deserves the approbation of all commentators, of every description, annotators, explicators and expositors of dark sentences.

‘ I'll just shew you,’ said Le BON,
‘ my study.’

I am

I am positive I have a heart, and that it was never more dilated with pleasure than at the present *punctum*.

I rose from the elbow-chair, to go into his study, with all the hilarity of soul as if I had been invited to a *feast*, where every thing dainty and delicious was served up, to please the palate, gratify the taste, and comfort and strengthen the whole man.

HIS

HIS FAMILY.

A Man generally puts on his best face in the presence of strangers: it might have been the case here; but Le BON seemed uniform and consistent--(it is in his own family a man is best known)--from the time he first accosted me, which was more than *six hours*; nor did he seem wanting in civility, at the present moment:--it increased as we advanced.

As he had once preached against celibacy, he had been divorced from
the

the Church, but had joined himself to a *wife* as fine a figure and face as in all the province of *Piedmont*:

She was sitting in the middle of an apartment adjoining that into which I was ushered, with half a dozen living plants of beauty and innocence, thriving as olive-branches, set in a circle around her ; she was working a basket and flowers upon green satin ; and to please her little patient offspring that dangled at her knees, she would, every now and then, lay her needle down and play a tune on her spinnet, accompanying the rougher notes with vocal sweetness.

Kind

Kind heaven ! said I to myself,
 thy workings are not the less *great*
 because they are *incomprehensible*.---
 Though the earth crieth ‘ Content-
 ‘ ment is not in me ;’ though riches
 say, ‘ We cannot give it ;’ yet, *here*,
 methinks, happiness is surely to be
 found : and, indeed, where should
 we think to meet with it, if it is not
 to be found in the mansion of a
 philosopher ?

Truly then, thought I, content-
 ment does not depend on outward
 circumstances---’Tis a precious qua-
 lity, which gold or pearls cannot
 purchase.

As

As I never yet had molested a peaceful company, I passed this, across a well-paved hall, without a single observation to disconcert it.

THE

THE STUDY.

A Secret satisfaction glowed thro' my heart-strings, the moment he opened the door.

Taking up a folio manuscript, and holding it before my eyes---'Tis a 'treatise on architecture,' said Le BON; 'I mean it,' continued he, 'as an *improvement* on St. PETER'S 'at Rome: 'tis a curious work of 'the kind.

'And here,' said he, clapping his hand with considerable eagerness on a small

a small volume that lay beside it,
 ‘ This is a little system of astro-
 ‘ nomy,’ continued Le BON. “ On
 “ the Copernican plan?” said I.—
 “ PYTHAGORAS has been your
 “ guide, I presume. You were
 “ not afraid, (indeed there was no
 “ danger, as you enjoy no church
 “ *benefice*) of *suspension* by the pope,
 “ as the bishop of *Strasbourg* once
 “ was, for teaching there were such
 “ places as the *Antipodes*?” ‘ No,’
 said Le BON; ‘ it is a *new* system: it is
 ‘ not yet complete—There is a fixed
 ‘ star,’ continued Le BON, ‘ in the
 ‘ orbit of Venus, I want to get hold
 ‘ of.’ As he said this, he pointed
 to a three-foot telescope that stood
 on a table. ‘ ’Tis GALLILIO’s con-
 ‘ structing

‘strutting,’ said he ; ‘but, with *im-*
‘*provements* of my own. Could I
‘get the star into my system’ (mean-
ing within the cover of the *book* he
held in his hand), it would set the
‘whole planetary world in a new
‘light.

‘This system,’ continued he,
‘when finished, I mean to present
‘to the Count del PONENDO, at
‘Venice, who has *promised* to be my
‘friend in setting it before the Aca-
‘demicians at Rome.

‘And this,’ said Le BON, open-
ing a book-case and taking out a
few sheets stitched in vellum, ‘is
‘part of a work I intend as a sup-
‘plement

‘ plement to TITIAN on Painting.
 ‘ It will be of infinite use,’ said he,
 ‘ to all lovers of that art who wish
 ‘ to acquire eminence.’

I had fixed my eyes on a quarto sheet that lay before me, entitled “The Muse of *Turin*.” Le BON observing the attention I was paying to that side of the book-case, with all the civility in the world, asked me, if I was not struck with the title before me.

“The Muse of *Turin*!” said I;
 “ ’tis extensive enough in all con-
 “ science.—Methinks, what with the
 “ manners, customs, powers, pas-
 “ sions, plays, sports and pastimes
 of

“ of this great city, there is work
 “ for all the *nine*.” ‘ This,’ said Le
 BON, as he turned with it to the
 table, ‘ is partly the work of my
 ‘ juvenile days, when every power
 ‘ of my intellectual kingdom, small
 ‘ as it is, was in full vigour, and
 ‘ every passion at its greatest height.
 ‘ It was to speak of these passions
 ‘ in *others*, and the good or bad con-
 ‘ sequences attending their freedom,
 ‘ I first attempted, in smooth, well-
 ‘ measured numbers, thus to write.

‘ There was a time,’ continued he,
 ‘ when I might have *profited* by the
 ‘ performance, I had my *friends* :
 ‘ ---’twas as much as ARIOSTO or
 ‘ TASSO had.’

Le

Le BON twice seemed to lay it aside, and twice he turned with it to the table. ‘ I shall have my readers and my admirers too,’ said he, ‘ when poetry is more in fashion.

‘ Hereon is my greatest dependence,’ said Le BON, with a warmth of expression such as sanguine hope might raise, as he took up a pamphlet that lay on the scrutoire — ‘ ’Tis “ Ways and Means of increasing the Revenue ” — This is my latter performance,’ said he: ‘ the plan is the most eligible that can be ; and if there be no failure in the collection’ — He paused here. I found by what he said, (many sentences of the dialogue between us, are not

written in this book) that he had set up his *equipage* on the *strength* of it. To this, I added a conjecture, that he had been at the *Campo-del-Blanco* to find matter for his muse.

"'Twould be dexterous business indeed, said I to myself, for a man to live entirely by means of his wit.

' I would present it to the Duke
' of Savoy,' said Le BON; ' but'——

After thanking Le BON for all the civilities he had shewn me, I took my hat from off the peg on which it hung, and with my stick
in

in my right hand, walked forth, LE
FLEUR following me, and got safe
back to the hotel.

THE HOTEL DEL PONTO.

TURIN.

THE man who, every evening, sits down calm and dispassionate, and ruminates on all the occurrences of the past day, is sure to profit (if his heart will suffer him to go through with the examination) by the reflection.

Ill-fated YORICK ! said I to myself, as I sunk into the chair, thro' what variety of untried schemes may'st thou not pass ? what plans for *pleasure* ! nay, what ways and means

means for even a bare *sustenance*, mayest thou not behold, in every great, and in every little city, as thou journeyest ?

Le BON's situation occurred at every pause.

'Tis not in the power of man, said I to myself, to secure success at all times ; the race is not to the swift : but when a man tries *every* thing with diligence and assiduity, if the head and the hands are all at work, should he not succeed, after all his endeavors, the fault is not in the man ; it must be accounted for elsewhere : but how the account

can be made, is not in thee,
YORICK, to ascertain.

I was now in a fit mood to cherish every thing grave and solemn.---My imagination had taken possession of the back-ground of a picture of *Dependance* I had left behind me in *England*, and was tracing forward, step by step, every feature of the piece, with more exactness than ever the eye or the fancy traced it before.

I had surveyed the *distant* objects where there needed not much *connection*, and had done with them, and was got to the outlines of *Flat-*
tery

tery and *Obsequiousness*, which formed the *fore-ground*; and I was thinking on the impropriety of making *them* step in before *Necessity* and shove *her* aside; when, in my opinion, if *Necessity* had taken the lead and been properly displayed, she would have given *Dependance* a higher tint, and saved the painter a world of pains.

THE LETTER.

TURIN.

LE FLEUR coming up with a billet, turned the current of my thought.—I was, in a moment, both body and spirit, collected to receive it.

LE FLEUR, ever ready to please and oblige his master, entering my chamber and advancing up to me, with good-nature in his looks, laid the letter before me, and retired.—It was from Count C—, of *Verfailles*, brother to Count B—, who,
the

the reader may remember, did me the kindness of procuring me the *passport*. Count C— was on his travels to *Venice, Genoa, and Rome*; and hearing from the Marquis de B—, whom he had met as he turned off the *Campo-del-Blanco*, that I was in *Turin*, he was so far desirous to see me, that he had written me on the occasion.

I cannot say I was displeased at the occurrence, especially when I thought it would, as it certainly afterwards did, assist me in my travels.

The letter was, as follows:

“ Count.

“ Count C—, of Versailles, to
Mr. YORICK

“ Would be glad to meet him,
this evening, at the *Hotel-del-Ponto*--
upon no matter at all, but for ac-
quaintance-sake.

(Signed) “ Count C—.”

There was nothing *superfluous* in
the invitation.---It was one of those
concise messages which should eter-
nally fly from one friend to ano-
ther. In short, it meant, the count
had no hostile intentions at his
heart to do me hurt --- ‘ he would
‘ be glad to see me.’

“ At

“ At the *Hotel-del-Ponto* !” exclaimed I ; “ why *this* is the *Hotel-del-Ponto*, and I am got into the “ middle of it.”—So, calling up LE FLEUR, I instantly, with pen, ink and paper, returned the compliment; and I and the count, to our mutual satisfaction, met in the next room.

There accompanied the count, his sister (a young lady of about twenty-two), and an old maiden aunt, about fifty-four :—there was not one more or less of their party. They were minded, they said, after they had seen *Rome*, to visit *Naples* also ; and, on their return homeward, would peep into the *volcano* on mount *Vesuvius*. This latter proposal

sal was of the aunt's making: for being, according to her time of life, a Deist, she had a pleasure in all *great fights of nature.*

Great protector of all good! said I to myself, as the word *volcano* dropped from her lips; the very Devils *themselves*, were they not *compelled*, would not venture within a *league* of it.

THE

THE MISTAKE.

TURIN.

WHETHER it was from my being a little embarrassed as I entered the room (for I never, in all my travelling, found any thing in me *proof* against every impulse of beauty and elegance), I know not; but so it was, that after making my bow of respect to the count, and thanking him for the honor he did me, I inadvertently sat down close to the young lady, his sister: the very place, perhaps, where I should not have been.

To

To get up and flee to *another* chair, as if to shun a *pestilence*, thought I, is as much a breach of good-manners as, with assurance, to sit still. I had laid the impropriety of both before me, and was arguing in my own mind whether of the two I should chuse, when the lady (for the *fair* are ever ready to ease the distressed) observing I was disconcerted, laid her hand gently on my arm, as it rested on my knee with my hat between my thumb and palm, which was as much as telling me I had done nothing amiss, and let it *slide* softly down, till, by chance, I had got it between *mine*. —I would have given my *birthright* for an undisturbed possession of it.---

'Twas

'Twas still in mine. What is *now*,
 said I to myself, *has* been, and there
 is nothing *new* under the sun: it
 was only an emblem of that *ease*
 and modest assurance for which the
 French are distinguished from other
 nations.

To have the possession of this
 fair *palm* (I shall say nothing about
 the *heart* that connects with it,)
 would to me be superior, in glory
 and advantage, to the conquests of
 ALEXANDER. The wealth of the
 whole world, thought I, is but as a
 drop in the bucket, when compared
 with this * * * * *

To

To have possession, though devoutly to be wished—'twas too much to be expected, considering the date of our acquaintance.

The count seeing the *chance neighbourhood* with his sister, said neither more nor less than, “he was glad “to see me;” and, retiring to the next room—(the old lady had retired a minute before)—to adjust some part of his dress, left us. —

Kind heaven! said I, as the count left us, thy favors are great and numberless.

When a man, in company, is not disposed to talk, or is silent through
necessity—

necessity—that is, in other words, has nothing to say ; it is a principle of reason ~~with every one~~ who prefers *something* to *nothing*, to infer that such a man's absence may be dispensed with ; unless by look or gesture, sign or wonder, or some other way making up the deficiency, he renders himself agreeable.

Now, my present situation with the lady—(for I was, effectually, close along-side of her, with her hand in mine) left me little room to speak : I thought more than I spoke.

Love, generally, sooner or later, finds a tongue * * * * *

THE INTERVIEW.

TURIN.

‘ **I**S it possible?’ said the lady, smiling; (for I had thrown out a hint on the constitution of Englishmen).
 “It is, indeed, madam,” said I;
 “and were I to travel half the *world*
 “over, I am certain I should not
 “meet with one-third part of the
 “civility I experienced at the hands
 “of the French.—They are a polite people,” continued I, “and
 “affable; and the *ladies* —

Had

Had the compliment I was going to pay them not been deemed *direct*, I should not have paused here.

I had every reason for, and none against, my saying what I said ; and, moreover, thought I, should I ever gain any dominion over the lady's *affections*, it cannot be effected by *compulsion*.

It is by soft and gentle means a female heart is to be won.

As I thought on a female heart, ELIZA's came to my view : the mind's eye had got sight of it, and, in a moment, my soul, and all within

G 2

me,

me, was stirred up. A glow of affection, such as the chafest passions only raise, diffused itself through my vitals, and the whole man was overcome.

'Twill wear off, said I to myself, as I laid my hat on the next chair: I will not to *extinguish* it—only to keep it within due bounds. I can cherish *it* when I have nothing else to bear me company.

'The Italians,' replied the lady to what I had said before, as I took hold of her wrist, 'have never been distinguished for any thing manly and heroic, as the English have.'

Resting

Resting my hand on my fifth rib and seating myself more on my centre, I felt myself taller by the compliment: it was *direct*; but the lady meant it *another* way.

“No,” said I, “the Italians are
 “a passive sort of a people; not re-
 “markable for either the good or ill
 “they do.—They are—(I shall just
 “shut the door,” said I), “if I may
 “be allowed to make the compari-
 “son, somewhat like our English
 “lap-dogs:—more carested for their
 “*inoffensiveness* than for their *use-*
 “*fulness*.”

The lady, who seemed to be an

excellent judge of *human nature*,
said, there had been 'worfe com-
'parifons made in her hearing.'

I am confident, I moved my chair
by neither hand nor foot ; but so it
was, it had moved out of its place,
and we had got so near each other,
that hadst thou entered the room,
EUGENIUS, the instant, thou could'st
not have sworn we were not cor-
porally one and the same person.
It was physically impossible to have
accounted for the approaches we
had made to each other ; --- for we
are seldom careful about taking an
account, where there is no balance
in our favor.

There

There is an undescribable *something* in all mutual intercourses, which the heart feels, and every sensitive power of man acknowledges, and, for the moment, wishes might be lasting.

All the pleasure heaven has purposed should ever come to thy share, YORICK, in this nether world (said I to myself), is centered here * * * * *

But our best joys are only of short continuance. — The count returning, disconcerted all our thoughts, and our words too, for the

the present—nay, forever: for I
never could again collect the pleas-
ing ideas that fled as the door
moved on its hinges.

THE

THE KINDNESS.

TURIN.

“**Y**OU intend making the tour
“ of *Germany* ?” said the
count, hesitating.

‘ Through *Switzerland*,’ replied
I ; ‘ the journey will not be to my
‘ hurt ! monf. le count ?—The En-
‘ glish are not at variance with all
‘ the world ! Besides, it would be
‘ but poor triumph in any *prince* to
‘ seize on an itinerant individual.—

‘ *Servants*

‘ *Servants* of families may be *friendly*
‘ enough, monf. le count, though
‘ their *masters* quarrel.

“ *Cela est tres vrai,*” said the
count.

‘ A harmless, inoffensive subject,’
continued I, ‘ of any nation, kin-
‘ dred or people, passing through
‘ any kingdom or province, with
‘ no intention either to shut up
‘ wells, plunder vineyards, or any
‘ how to hurt any man, may, surely,
‘ monf. le count, be suffered to pro-
‘ secute his journey, were it from
‘ *Dan* to *Bersheba*, without molef-
‘ tation.’

“ The

“ The emperor,” replied the count, “ is humane.” ‘ And so, I hope, are all his subjects,’ said I : — It must needs be a hostile people, indeed, who would punish the son for the transgression of the father. The habiliment I have on,’ (looking down on my old, fable coat), ‘ looketh not like defiance to the army of *Israel*. I am no *Goliath*,’ continued I; ‘ nor have I breast-plate or helmet; and the staff I carry,’ swinging it gently in my hand, ‘ you see, monf. le count, is not a weaver’s beam.’

“ All men are not assassins by nature,” replied the count. ‘ But when a man is *paid* for it,’ said I, interrupting

interrupting him—‘ When money is
 ‘ offered, or expected, a man will,
 ‘ if he has it in his power, either
 ‘ bind or release. But, when I say
 ‘ money (which is the same in effect
 ‘ as saying *bribery*), I do not mean
 ‘ the bribing of *honest* men; they
 ‘ are beyond it: ’tis the bribing of
 ‘ *knaves*, monf. le count.—Money,
 ‘ with all such, will “ buy out the
 ‘ law.”

‘ But my passport, monf. le count,
 (pulling it out of my pocket)—
 ‘ Whatever comes from under the
 ‘ hand of any of the king of *France*’s
 ‘ magistrates, is virtually and essen-
 ‘ tially the same as if it bore the fig-
 ‘ nature of the king himself, en-
 ‘ compassed

‘ compassed with the *ensignia* of the
‘ house of BOURBON.’

“ *Parceque vous avez des protec-*
“ *tions,*” replied the count, with
more than ordinary joy in his coun-
tenance. What I had said was ra-
ther *feeding* the count’s vanity than
crushing it ; as it was a compliment
paid his brother, the Count B—,
who had been instrumental in pro-
curing me the passport.

“ You may, perhaps, return to
“ *Calais*, by the way of *Lorraine*,”
said the count :—“ this,” giving me
a letter, will procure you a wel-
come reception from the Marquis
“ de L—, at *Verdun*. — If you
“ touch

“ touch at *Straßbourg* and *Metz*, it
“ will not be a post out of your
“ way to call on the count.”

Making a bow, as I took the letter into my hand, as lowly and profoundly as ever courtier did on receiving a fee, or a poverty-struck profligate a pension, I took my leave. —

I had both the count and his sister in my mind through the remainder of my journey. The civility of the one, and the sweetening softness of the other, had formed my heart to every thing that was generous and kind.

The

The Virtues, said I to myself,
will *all*, one after another, take pos-
session of me, as I go on. 'Twas
that I might be wiser, and better,
I set out.

TO see how the world goes, one
of my window only (said I to
myself) as I entered my chamber,
will not do; 'tis seeing the ways
of men in too small a scale. In
the wide world there are many
things thought on, and acted, which
can find neither place nor opportu-
nity in a short street in York.

With a thought on the ways of
men, and of women too, in the world,
I turned my back on my
THE

The Virtues said I to myself
 will all one after another, take pos-
 session of me, as I go on. I was
 that I might be better.

THE FIELDS.

TO see how the world goes, out
 of my window only (said I to
 myself as I entered my chamber),
 will not do; 'tis seeing the ways
 of men in too small a scale. In
 the wide world there are many
 things thought on, and acted, which
 can find neither place nor opportu-
 nity in a short street in *Turin*.

With a thought on the ways of
 men, and of women too, in the world
 at large, I turned my back on my
 apartment,

apartment, and hurried into the street.

I bade LE FLEUR follow me, at a certain distance :—(I marked the distance ; having seen, as I journeyed, the space that makes proper distinction between master and servant)—not so *near* me as to speak *relationship*, and not so far from me as not to shew his *dependance*.

It was as nicely judged as might be, that my pride might not be hurt by the *man*, and, at the same time, that I might not be out of the reach of his *usefulness*. I had studied the consequence of both sides.

There is, in the human heart, a strong desire for respect and distinction—at the same time a wish that the path to it may lead through the gate of advantage: that is, that respect might be profitable; that honor and advantage might go hand in hand, and assist each other.

For instance: a traveller, though he may be neither the *curious* nor the *simple*, walking forth to take the air, in a cool evening, orders his servant to follow him, in every step he shall take, till he shall return to the place whence he set out—(this is a view to honor);—at the same time altho' has no *immediate* view of his useful-

usefulness on the occasion, yet knows not what may *happen* : this is keeping advantage in his eye.

In the first instance, a thirst for distinction — (for, *one* servant at a man's heels, is grandeur only in the *singular*) prompts him to give the command ; and, in the next place, an eye to advantage—from a persuasion of a *possibility* that his servant's aid *may* be needed, in some instance or other, before he returns.

This was, while I thought I was decyphering the hearts of others, effectually a true picture of my own.

H 2

I had,

I had, by this time, got without the gates of *Turin*, with LE FLEUR at my heels.

I was not ill-pleased, as I turned into the fields—where the gay and the grave, the rich and the poor, the well-proportioned and the deformed, were passing their minutes of pleasure, to think that it was still in my power to support my little equipage (my servant LE FLEUR), after the many changes and turns my pieces of eight had undergone since I entered the province of *Piedmont*.

I turned up first one elbow, then another, to see how my thread-bare
sable

table stood the journey, then looked down on my silk pair of breeches. — They will do, said I: but, lest I should need refitting ere I get to the end of my journey, I will contract with the first civil *tailleur* I may meet with in my way through *Switzerland*: the Swiss tailors, I am told, are a set of the most christian mechanics ever dwelt on a hill country.

While I was making this apostrophe, I had traversed one field, on a spacious footway, amidst thousands of the citizens of *Turin*, passing and repassing each other with as little ceremony as if titles and re-

spect had never been known among them, or as if all *distinction* had been laid aside.

How different, said I to myself, is it at *Paris*! where, by dint of equipage, a man may drive all before him. I shall see greater than this, as I proceed.

As I passed several groups of females, the fairest daughters in *Turin*, I could not help taking my *ELIZA* into the account, against them. They are all charming (said I to myself), and worthy: 'tis to be hoped there's a *mine* within, there being such a shew of treasure on the surface.

I had

I had passed a second field, a third, and a fourth. LE FLEUR, once, as we went along, made an observation; it pleased me, because it was both simple and just, viz. that ‘the *fields*, though nearly as ‘crowded, were much less noisy ‘than the *streets*.’ — It was one of these truths which depend on the senses only to confirm.

ELIZA.

ELIZA.

ON turning to the left, through a narrower path than that in which I had been walking, that led to an adjacent village, I observed, a little from the road, a solitary female, walking softly on the verdant bank, adjoining a grove.

Her walk seemed truly contemplative. "I envy thee thy evening retreat," said I, "whoever thou art."

'Tis

' 'Tis the fair ELIZA,' said a poor villager, as he passed me, seeing I made a halt at the sight.

The *name* was enough for me—perhaps, in the present moment, too much.

My mind having, but a minute before, been busied in drawing comparisons between my ELIZA and all the fair daughters of men, the words of the villager struck me as mute and as motionless as mount *Taurara*.

My eyes were fixed on the one and my mind had got hold of the other ;

other ; for my ELIZA is ever on the height of my imagination ; and I was delineating features, trying to find a likeness—or, rather, how far they differed.—Pulling out my ELIZA's picture, that hung over my heart. “ There is not a look or a gesture,” said I to myself, “ that can claim equality, or abide a comparison : yet there is a *something* that speaks her to be ELIZA !”

Contemplation had got the better of me in a moment. I looked at ELIZA ; then at the picture.—“ There is no resemblance,” said I, doubtingly.

I never

I never remember, in any period of my life, to have felt in me such an assemblage of the passions: hope, fear, joy, grief, passion, and every other that could sooth or distract a man, laid hold on me.

I never, all this while, had taken the distance between *Italy* and *England* into the scale; else the affair might have been settled at once.

“ Good God ! ” said I, looking stedfastly at ELIZA, as the idea of *space* occurred to me; “ I may as well suppose the queen of *Great Britain* (God bless her!) to be the queen of *Sheba*: ’tis but setting
“ aside

“ aside a thousand miles in the idea
 “ —But few, now-a-days, have *wis-*
 “ *dom* enough to induce a queen to
 “ travel *twenty* miles from her own
 “ palace to *see* it.”

Recollecting that I was, *corp-*
rally, in the skirts of *Turin*, a thought
 of *spiritual* transmigration had little
weight with me.

‘ Poor ELIZA,’ said the villager,
 ‘ is recounting to the trees the his-
 ‘ tory of her grief. She is treading
 ‘ the path in which she, aforetime,
 ‘ had pleasure; and measuring with
 ‘ her’s the footsteps of him by whom
 ‘ she was once held dear.’

The

The poor villager appeared himself affected, and spoke her fate in the plaintive expressions of a feeling heart.

“ And who is the fair ELIZA ?”
said I, as we approached the grove.

‘ The love of the poor,’ said the villager, ‘ and the pity of the wise !
‘ —’till but within these six months,
‘ the sun ne’er blessed, ne’er shone
‘ on such a maid. She loved ; but
‘ her love, though great, was deemed
‘ inferior to her station.—The junction of *hands* was forbidden ; but
‘ the *hearts* of the lovers were indissolubly *united*.

‘ ELIZA,

‘ELIZA,’ continued he, ‘deserved a better fate. Poor dam-
 ‘sel! she walks solitary, as you see,
 ‘every evening, and makes her com-
 ‘plaint to the branches that defend
 ‘her from the blast. ELIZA is sen-
 ‘sible at times.—She was the pride
 ‘of all our southern fair; her heart
 ‘was ever open to the finer feelings,
 ‘and though it met with opposition
 ‘the first time she felt an honest
 ‘passion, she strove to cherish it.’

“Shame on wealth!” said I, “how
 “baneful are its views!” I spoke
 this in the hearing of the fair ELIZA.
 She made a halt as we approached
 her; and, casting hereyes first towards
 heaven,

heaven, and then on me, seemed to be affected at what I had said.

We were, by this time, got close to the grove in which ELIZA was walking. She was attired in pleasing negligence, expressive of her possessing more *exalted ideas*, than those arising from the study of dress. Her face was the loveliest I had ever seen, though the eating worm of Disappointment had begun to prey upon her cheeks.

I felt an emotion of sympathy, the moment I saw her—nor could I express ought but sorrow on seeing love in distress.

Alas,

‘ Alas, poor lady!’ said the villager, ‘ her case claims the prayers of the whole parish; and, one should think, heaven could never be better pleased with any sacrifice, than with the tribute of humanity, in behalf of a distressed fellow mortal.’

ELIZA, on coming to the end of the grove, sat down, under an elm.—She cast her eyes again towards heaven, and then on me; and, with a *smile* which pictured a disordered mind, said, “ I think “ you have a father.”

“ Alas! poor lady!” said I. I
said

said no more ; my heart throbbed within me, as I uttered the expression.

I sat down close by her—after thanking the poor villager for his information, and desiring LE FLEUR to walk slowly back to *Turin*.

She had plaited a chaplet of leaves and flowers, and said “ it was for AMINTOR.” “ I will stay till “ he comes,” said ELIZA. On her saying this, I could see the beams of *hope*, the clouds of *disappointment*, the sun of *joy*, and the shade of *woe*, all combined, and rudely sporting on her fair visage.

‘ Shame on the despoiler of thy
‘ hopes, and the thwarter of thy
‘ views!’ said I—‘ While I admire
‘ thy charms, ELIZA, I condemn
‘ the sordid heart that strove to *mer-*
‘ *chandise* them.’

ELIZA rose up; and, looking on
a red-breast that perched on the next
bough, said, “ I must not go with
“ *you*, AMINTOR.”

‘ But whither are you going,
‘ ELIZA?’ said I. She, with a look
creative of pity, said, “ To *Turin*.”
‘ Let me,’ said I, ‘ bear thee com-
‘ pany.’

We

We entered *Turin*.—The curfew tolled the knell of parting day, as I stopped to bid ELIZA farewell.

‘ Adieu ! poor, injured damsel !
‘ I will remember thee ; and, in
‘ many ‘a serious moment, shall I
‘ mourn thy lot.’

ELIZA, turning from me, put her hand to her heart—and, sighing, said, “ I shall go to meet AMIN-
“ TOR ! ”

O, how I pitied her !

THE HOTEL.

TURIN.

AS I was taking the key out of my pocket, to unlock the door of my apartment, LE FLEUR coming hastily behind me on the stairs. told me, a young woman, with a fruit-basket on her arm, had been in the house enquiring after me.

“It is the fair fruiterer,” said I,
“true to the hour as the chariot of
“the sun.”

‘She has been gone this hour,’
continued LE FLEUR; who seemed

as

as concerned at the matter, as if the disappointment had, to me, been the losing of millions.

Should I seek to see her, thought I, it would be opening the wound afresh. — So,

After praying a blessing on *her*, and all virtuous maidens who have or hereafter may, come within the circle of my *acquaintance*, I bade LE FLEUR bespeak horses against the next morning, to hurl us onward to *Geneva*.

THE POST-CHAISE.

TURIN.

“**T**HROUGH *Susa*, *Moustriers*,
“ and *Chambery*,” said the postillion, “will be the nearest way.”
“And the most delightful?” said I.
“The most pleasant,” responded the postillion.

LE FLEUR, whose accommodation at the hotel had been but indifferent, was happy in finding himself astride a *bidet*, with my port-manteau behind him.

I say

I say LE FLEUR's accommodation: it was such as a straw mattress, and a bench of boards, could afford; for, in the inns in *Italy*, there is neither feather-bed nor curtain, to create heat, or keep the wind away.

Through *Chambery*! said I to myself; it will be taking another peep at the *Alps*: for I ever find in me a strong desire of seeing nature in her more *elevated* state.

This will do, said I (meaning my accommodation in the vehicle); for the landlord, seeing I was attended to the door with his whole troop of servants, wishing me a good journey,

ney, had ordered the postillion to add a *third* horse to the carriage, as a token of respect for my liberality (for I had parted with a livre or two freely on the occasion) to *him* and his *household*. How different, thought I, as the postillion was yoking the fore-horse, in different countries, are the modes of conferring honor ! — In *England*, the addition of a *third* horse to a post-chaise would be counted mean and unfashionable ; in the eyes of the public, it would be taking from, instead of adding to the respect a man might meet with, as he journeyeth. In *Italy*, the case is different : an additional horse to a post-chaise, is additional honor — no matter for the

the intuniformity: the Italians count of a man's substance from the *magnitude* of his equipage.

LE FLEUR, however impatient to be gone, had contrived to alight from his *bidet*, and was got into close confabulation with the *fille-de-chambre* of the inn, up two pair of stairs. I could perceive, by the countenance of the waiter, and of the rest that followed me to the chaise, that there had been a few tokens of the ***** given and returned between LE FLEUR and the chambermaid. As there was no time to settle matters between them, I beckoned LE FLEUR to repair to his station. He mounted his *bidet*,
in

in the presence of the *maitre-d'hotel*, chamber-maid, cook, and scullery-boy, with that adroitness ever visible in a Frenchman when he wishes to appear active in the eyes of his mistress, and we set off, amidst the shouts and tears of the landlord and his family.

We entered *Susa*, situated on a part of the rise of the *Po*, and left it, without any change in our mode of travelling; saving, in putting only *two* horses to the carriage.

The landlord's generosity, at *Turin*, not extending by transfusion to the heart of the landlord at *Susa*, there was no demonstration of respect

spect shewn us by *him*, farther than any other wayfaring man had a claim to, who might stop at his door only to hire his horses and chaise for the next stage, and to pay for them. 'Twas nothing to the landlord at *Susa*, said I to myself, as I turned from the door; yet, for a brace of pieces of eight extraordinary, *his* generosity would have displayed itself equal to that in the landlord at *Turin* — I should have had a *third* horse added *here* also.

The handling of *gold* is *impulsive*--- the circulation of it, from *hand* to *hand*, has connexion with the *heart*; and, in *Italy* as well as in *England* a kindness may be *bespoke*, in the

the conveyance. What a creature is gold ! said I to myself, as I put the *change* into my purse :—the ablest of advocates ! its pleadings being, generally, successful—The lover's idol ! every grain weight bearing a *charm*—The courtier's *hope* !—The beggar's *petition* ! and the best spur to the soldier's *courage* ! And to what *shapes* mayest thou not be converted ! said I. I thought *this* somewhat *feelingly*, as I turned my few remaining *livres* from one pocket to another.—Yes; and to what *uses*, too !

The case of the poor monk whom I had seen at *Calais*, occurred to my imagination, as I made the reflexion.

I shall

I shall have a view of the *Alps*, said I, as I let down the side-glass of the chaise. The time of the vintage drew nigh; and I could observe the laborers, in the valleys through which we passed, busy in preparing for their harvest. Le FLEUR, who had not ventured ten miles from *Montreuil* before I first met with him, now began to think himself a traveller, as well as myself; altho' this much I can say of him, he was neither the *curious* nor the *scientific*—the pleasures and the troubles he met with, passed equally unobserved.

LE FLEUR'S
MISADVENTURE.

ROAD TO GENEVA.

WE had got to the borders of *Moustriers*, to a place where the road descends, not with a gradual slope, but in an almost perpendicular cut, to a smooth-running rivulet in the plain below. We passed the declivity, without any hurt either to man or beast, and were come to the shallow part of the rivulet, through which the road led us. LE FLEUR, inattentive to the water before us, was looking carelessly around him

him on the hills behind us—perhaps, a thought on the *fille-de-chambre* at *Turin* had occasioned it: his *bidet* taking advantage of the slackness of the rein and stretching out his neck to drink, the crupper of the saddle at the same time giving way, LE FLEUR, not apprised of the accident, in a moment, portmanteau and all, slipped over the shoulders of the *bidet*, plump into the middle of the stream. “*Peste!*” said LE FLEUR. —Had he only wet his *foot* by the accident, he probably might have, simply, *disabled* the stream; but as it was of greater magnitude, the soufing of his whole *body*, the anathema was, *Peste!* This was a misadventure

ture I could hardly have dreamed of.

As soon as the chaise had crossed the stream, I alighted, and taking hold of the horses, ordered the postillion to assist in dragging LE FLEUR from the flood. There was no house near us, and we were at a loss what to do. To accommodate LE FLEUR with dry clothes, was impossible, as my portmanteau with my black silk pair of breeches, and the other trifles it contained, had shared in the plunge. However, that we might do our utmost for him, in his drenched situation, I took my old fur-tout out the chaise-box, and

and taking off LE FLEUR's wet coat, put it on him. 'Twould have been utterly *unchristian* to have ordered him on horseback in this dripping state, so I ordered the postillion to re-saddle the *bidet*; which he did, then *unbooting* LE FLEUR, he slung one on each side the *bidet* (there wanted only a *head* and *shoulders* to have made another LE FLEUR) and we turned my follower, with my portmanteau, into the chaise, and I walked by the side of it. When we had got to the next rising ground, we had sight of a small cottage that stood about half a mile from the road. I ordered the postillion to fasten the *bidet* along-side, by the

bridle, and walk the horses slowly round to the cottage ; that I should foot it the nearer way.

THE COTTAGE.

AN opinion, whether on men or things, formed merely on the *outward* appearance, is often unjust; character is seldom hit on this way; therefore, all judgment thus formed must favor of rashness.

With regard to the cottage before us, it would have been rashness to have judged of what it contained *within* from its *outward* appearance:—for, forasmuch as a thing seven feet high in the side and thirty feet long (it was no more,) thatched with

fern, without portico, hall or gallery, is not in reality a *palace*, it must be something else—a cottage.

This said cottage, I would have the reader observe, belonged to Count del FUEGO, a Savoyard of considerable wealth and respect, who, with his lady and servants (the blessing of *children* had not yet reached them), used to resort hither, in the time of the vintage and the gathering in of the harvest.

“*Pardonnez moi, madame,*” said I, as I thrust my head between the door-posts (for the lady of the thing—the cottage, I might call it), that instant met me, face to face. “*Par-*
“*donnez*

“ *donnez moi,*” said I; “I crave your
“ audience to a relation of my case.”

‘ *Bien venu,*’ replied the lady, as
she stepped backward to let me
enter. ‘ *Vous etes bien venu,*’ said the
lady.

There was something in the lady’s
countenance that bespoke that hos-
pitality towards strangers every man
would wish to meet with who is in
need of assistance, as he journeyeth.

“ *Pardonnez moi,*” said I. I re-
peated the words, to shew that I
respected the fair inhabitant of this
low dwelling, and that I was not
forward in my request.

As

As the lady retreated, step by step, to make way for my entering, I advanced, step by step, in due proportion.

‘*Assseyez vous, monsieur,*’ said the lady, with that affable turn which ever distinguisheth the *politesse*, in every part of the world.

I sat down; and the lady, lifting my hat, which I had hastily laid on the next chair, sat down beside me. The reception was beyond my hopes: but when I found that the family was of French extraction, my astonishment ceased—’Tis not in the veins of a Frenchman’s body, nor of a Frenchwoman’s either, to be unpolite.

‘He

‘ He is gone to the vineyard,’ replied the lady, in answer to my enquiry after the count. She spoke this in a tone that did not intimate his speedy return.

It may be prejudicial to both, thought I, should the lady’s chair be moved one inch nearer mine.— When I say *prejudicial*, I mean not to lessen the strength of the lady’s virtue, (who might be about twenty-two,) nor of my own; but, lest the count should have returned from the vineyard—and—(for *Italy* is the land of jealousy) — But, thought I, the count is of French extraction. There was every thing in my favor
for

for a comfortable conference with the count's lady.

I had not moved from the chair on which I first sat down. It is a maxim in war, that, next to open battle, is advancement from the entrenchments. I made not a single *movement* that could indicate a breach of the peace I enjoyed.

" 'Tis neat and elegantly simple," said I, casting my eyes on the furniture around me; "and the *happi-*
ness of its (the cottage's) inhabitants" (meaning the count and his lady), "I doubt not, is unquestionable."

The

The lady, by the look she gave me, said every thing I could have wished, in reply to what I had hinted on *happinefs*.

“ *Je suis Anglois,*” said I; for the lady had obliged me to make this open declaration of the place of my nativity from the pleasing remarks she made on the great *qualifications* of some of my countrymen.

That man must himself be utterly regardless of praise, whose heart never felt pleasure in hearing his brother commended.

‘ Are not you afraid, *monfieur* ‘ *Anglois,*’ said the lady, ‘ to travel
• ‘ while

' while wars and commotions trou-
 ' ble every quarter of the globe ?'
 " Not at all, madam," replied I ;
 " I have the King of *France's* fig-
 " nature in my pocket, which is a
 " sufficient protection through every
 " part of, at least, the *pope's do-*
 " *minions*. My only fear, *madame*,
 " at times," said I, laying my hand
 upon my left side, " is on the con-
 " sequences of the strength of my
 " own *passions*."

The lady being flesh and blood,
 of as nice a composition as any of
 the daughters of EVE, felt the force
 of what I said. But when she said,
 ' Much depends on the *climate*,' I
 confess I found myself at a loss to
 conclude

conclude whence the many *irregularities* that often shade the brightest character have their beginning.

It is generally supposed, said I to myself, that the revolutions of the *moon* have connexion with the actions of some men, and why may not also the *sun* and the *air*? These premised, the constitution of an Englishman must differ from that of an Italian, in proportion as the quality of the air and the revolutions of the sun and moon differ in regard to place:—this was philosophy, and of the *natural* kind; but whether it was true or false, depended much on experience to prove.

“ It

“ It is, probably, owing to the air
 “ of *Italy, madame,*” said I, in an-
 “swer to her remark on ‘ climate,’
 “ while I rested my left hand on her
 “ right (for the lady was on my left),
 “ that, since I entered the province
 “ of *Savoy*, I have found the ther-
 “ mometer of my corporal system,
 “ and every sensitive and sensible
 “ particle about me, vary some de-
 “ grees from what it was when I
 “ left *Dover.*”

‘ Tis the climate,’ responded the
 lady.

I cannot say but the positive man-
 ner in which the lady spoke the
 words, made me less *displeased* with
 myself,

myself, and more pleased with her; and should I trespass in any thing, thought I, on this side Calais, I shall attribute it to natural causes.

“No wonder,” said I, bending my face over the back of the lady’s hand, while I held it within mine, (I could have kissed it,)—“no wonder there is so much jealousy among the people of this country of *Italy*! What forms the *cause* must connect with the *effect*—”Tis “in the climate.”

‘*Tres vrai,*’ replied the lady; ‘my reasoning, you see, is just.’

“It

“It is so,” said I.—“’Tis a good
“syllogism when the *conclusion* is
“justifiable.”

The lady said, she ‘liked my
‘reasoning.’

I’ll stop here, said I. It may not
be altogether prudent, said I to myself,
to push the argument farther, lest I
should reason myself so far into the
lady’s opinion---(for, I confess, ‘the
climate’ had some influence on
me,) and the lady’s into mine, that,
should the count return, he might
suspect more, from our counte-
nances, than the effects of logical
argument and dry speculation.

“Good

“ Good God !” said I, taking my hand hastily from the lady’s, “ I have been only mindful of myself.”

I had not, all this time, though it was full in my mind when I entered the cottage, thought on LE FLEUR, who was still sitting in the post-chaise; nor on the postillion, who had alighted from his horse and was walking to and fro, like a sentry, before the door of the cottage.

“ I had forgot the circumstance, *madame*,” said I, coolly, “ that forced me to your dwelling. —
“ *Voilà !*” said I, taking the lady’s
arm

arm within mine and going to the door—" *Voilà !*"

Now, LE FLEUR, opening the chaise door and stepping on the pavement, by the impression he left as he walked, saved me the trouble of a recital of the misadventure; the lady understood it in a moment.

As we were about to re-enter the cottage, the count, just returned from the vineyard, came up to us; to whom I was very minute in giving our history.

There was every testimony of hospitality shewn us, on the part of the count;

count ; who, in my opinion, might be about fifty-five.

I told the count, as I had told his lady, I was an Englishman, a traveller through *France* and *Italy*, that I was come so far as his little dwelling, and the occasion of the present visit was that of necessity.

“ *Voila monsieur le comte,*” said I,
“ *LE FLEUR.*”

‘ *Oui, monsieur le comte,*’ said his lady, ‘ *LE FLEUR.*’

The lady, like every good-natured woman, ever ready to please her

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L

husband,

husband, and all men, and never wishing to give uneasiness to any one, joined in the sympathy, and was as ready as the count himself in shewing pity.

Had the count suspected my having had previous possession, it would, probably, have turned the scale against us, been a disturbance on his peace, and an effectual bar against our accommodation.

The count, though he saw the cause that brought us from our way, being so anxious for a recital of the misadventure, had forgotten to desire us to enter his cottage: we were,
all

all this time, within three feet of the threshold. LE FLEUR, (I pitied the poor devil from my soul,) had long wished our colloquy at an end.

‘ *Mon cher monsieur le comte,*’ said the lady, ‘ *voila LE FLEUR!*’ Pity was fitting on the lady’s heart as well as on mine.

The count, apologising for his neglect, immediately entered; his lady next to him; I followed the lady, LE FLEUR followed me, and the postillion followed LE FLEUR.

The count, after conducting me to a chair and shewing LE FLEUR

L 2

and

and the postillion where they might be accommodated with warmth and provisions, sat down on the left of his lady. His complaisance had given me the chair on the right, so that his lady was between us.—My soul had taken possession of both the chair and the situation, the moment I entered: 'tis the seat of happiness, said I, though in a remote cottage.—

‘Thro’ *Switzerland* and *France*?’ said the count, with a cast of inquisitiveness in his looks, as he rested a flaggon of claret on the table before us. “Yes,” said I; “by the way
“of *Bruxelles*, thro’ *Geneva*, *Straf-*
“*bourg*,

“*bourg, Metz, and Verdun.*” When I mentioned *Verdun*, the count said the journey would ‘be pleasant;’ he had been at *Verdun*, last year, he said, on a visit to the Marquis de L——, an intimate friend of his.

“’Tis to the Marquis de L——,” said I, “I have a letter in my ‘pocket’ (shewing the letter at the same time) ‘from the Count C——, ‘of *Versailles*, whom I met with at ‘*Turin*, on his travels to *Venice*, ‘*Genoa*, and *Rome*.”

‘*Mon Dieu!*’ exclaimed the count, while he held the letter open in
his

his hand. ‘*Mon Dieu !*’ exclaimed the lady.

The count, pausing for a minute, took me by the hand, saying how much he was indebted to the misadventure that had brought under his roof ‘the man whom, above all the sons of ADAM, he had wished to see.— ‘You are *Monsieur YORICK*?’ (for so the letter expressed,) said the count, with the utmost cordiality in his looks. “I am YORICK,” said I.

It was satisfactory. The name was, perhaps, all that the count had ever known, or heard, of the man—but it was satisfactory; and again
and

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and again did the count take me
by the hand, saying how much he
was beholden to the misadventure
that forced me to his door.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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and again did the court take me
by the hand, saying how much he
was indebted to the military
that forced me to his door.

Two of the first volumes.